

Unconscionable Baker

OR, THE

Devil Correcting Sin.

To the Tune of O Folly Desperate Folly.



A Wealthy Baker near the Strand
 A punisher of the Poor.
 He always had we understand,
 Abundance of Corn in store;
 His cruel Oppression was sharp and severe,
 He bought it in cheap, and sold it our dear,
 A dismal Relation of him you shall hear.
This Baker, covetous Baker!
Never was satisfy'd.

While other men could hardly live,
 Their cares being manifold,
 He with his Daughter Kate could give
 Five Hundred Pounds in Gold,
 Besides the Possession of Houses good store;
 Yet nevertheless still he coveted more,
 And fill'd his Coffers by grinding the poor:
This Baker, &c.

A Widow came to him one Day,
 And seeing the Bread so small,
 She with a sigh to him did say,
 Sir When will the Prizes fall?
 He said with a Frown, It is fit you should know,
 I make no great Doubt, but it dearer will grow;
 The Woman she wept when he answer'd her so:
This Baker, Covetous Baker,
Studious to grind the Poor.

This Baker was the Head of * those
 Who met of a certain Night,
 Where constantly he did propose
 New methods which way they might,
 By holding together, keep Bread from a fall
 My Brother, says he, I am certain we shall
 Erelong by our Trade get the Devil and all:
This Baker, Covetous Baker!
Still w^{ill} advise the rest.

This wretched Baker was abhor'd
 By some of the better sort,
 Who could not with his Terms accord,
 As Neighbours and Friends report;
 They were not so cruel and ridged as he

Then being departed and would not agree,
 The Devil in shape of a Farmer he see
You Farmer, Country Farmer,
What have you Corn to sel.

Yes I have five and forty Load,
 of delicate Wheat and Wry,
 For Brantfort Market on the Road,
 The Baker he did reply,
 if we can agree I will buy it up all,
 For I have both Silver and Gold at my call,
 I must have it Cheap, for the Prises do fall,
This Baker, Covetous Baker.
Recond to bite OLD NICK.

Then at his head the Devil sent,
 a Flaggon of Ale and Beer
 And cry'd What wou'd you circumvent,
 and Cowzen your Master here,
 It was I that employ'd you these many years Past,
 By cheating and Raking up Riches so fast,
 And Rascal I'll pay you your Wages at last,
 out Baker Pilory Baker,
 What would you cheat old Nick.

Sweet Mr. Devil he reply'd,
 don't threaten a Baker so,
 I value not your haughty Pride,
 and that I would have you know,
 Old Lucifers Back then began for to rise,
 Then staring upon him with large glaring Eyes,
 The Baker was struck with a hellish surprise,
 Sweet Devil merciful Devil
 Do not destroy me now,

The Devil took him on his Back,
 the Baker renew'd his Prayer
 But yet he made his bones to Crack,
 by throing him down the Stairs
 Quoth he, I shall find out the rest of the Crew,
 That will not give every Dealer his due,
 I am sent for to punish such Rascals as you,
 Out Bakers Pilory Bakers,
 Wilyou not leave your Cheats.

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